

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

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July 5, 1903.

*You may discover tribes of men without policy
or laws, or any of the arts of life; but nowhere
will you find them without some form of religion.*
BLAIR.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE STEEPLE-CLIMBER.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

High and yet higher still aloof
A fearless climber groped his way
Along a vast dome, weather-gray,
Above the tallest city roof.

The daring task before him set
Lured him, within a city's sight,
To creep unscathed from height to height,
By dizzy eave and parapet.

The pygmy plied his master-skill
With ceaseless effort, hour by hour,
Spanned with his toil the topmost tower,
And urged his tireless way, until

One day a sailor, faring home,
Espied from over seas afar
Strange twinkling of a landward star,—
The Capitol's resplendent dome.

For Every Other Sunday.

SUNSHINE LAND.

BY OLIVE D. HINTON.

IT was raining, oh, so hard! and all the world
looked dark and dreary to two little people
at the nursery window. "It always rains
when nobody wants it to," said the little girl.

"I don't see why it ever has to rain at all.
It just spoils everything," said the little boy.
And two little faces looked very cross and dis-
contented.

"How would you like to visit Sunshine
Land?" said a shrill voice behind them.

The children turned quickly around, and
there in the centre of the nursery floor stood
the very oddest-looking little man you ever
saw in all your life. He was about as high as
the nursery table, and his clothes looked as if
they were made of the very tiniest electric
lights woven into cloth, they glittered so; and
as for his hat, well, it looked just like a bright
shining star with a hole cut in the centre of
it for the top of his head to go through. But
his smile was the brightest thing of all. You
couldn't see that smile without smiling your-
self, it was so happy and sunny.

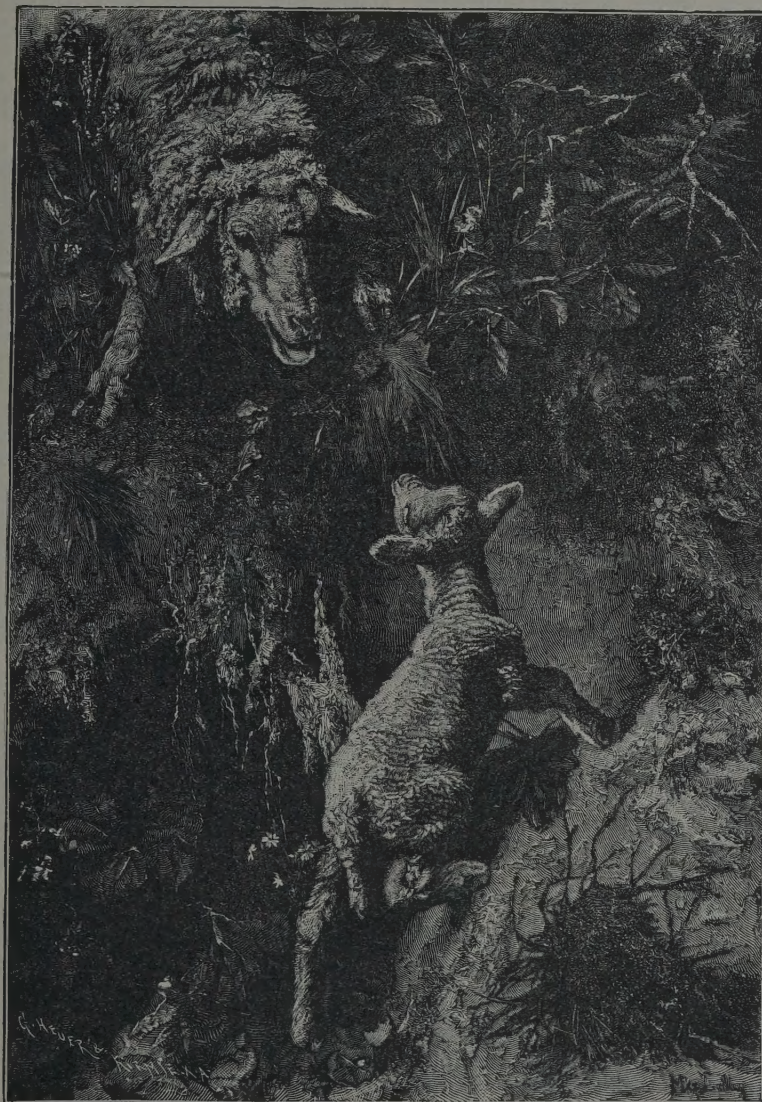
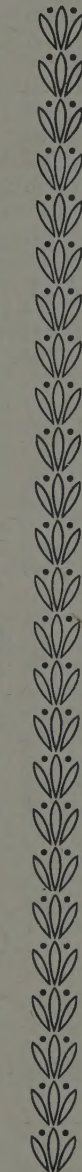
"Why, where did you come from?" cried
both children, excitedly.

"Through that door," said the little man,
pointing to a small door.

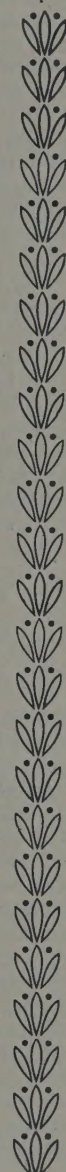
"Oh, I never saw that little door before,"
said the little girl.

"No wonder you did not," said the little
man. "I brought it with me."

"Oh, dear me!" said the little girl, "wasn't
it very heavy?"



THE LOST LAMB.



"Well, no," replied the little man, "because
I brought it in my cloud carriage. You see,
as I was floating past your nursery window, I
heard two cross little voices; and, as I am Dr.
Sunshine, and have made a special study of
the 'cross disease,' I thought I had better
call and see if I couldn't cure you. Would you
like to try my medicine?"

"I just hate medicine," said the little girl.

"Papa has to pay me when I have to take
medicine," said the little boy.

"Oh, I'm afraid you have the cross disease
very badly," said the little man. "Now in

this little box," he continued, "are three little
gold pills. We'll each take one. You see I
always take my own medicine with my pa-
tients to give them confidence in me."

"Dear me, how funny!" said the little girl.

"Will you give us candy to take after the
pill?" asked the little boy.

"Don't be silly," said the little man. "Who
ever heard of such nonsense? Open your
mouths, and I'll drop a pill on each little
tongue. You swallow them, and then we'll
start on our journey."

The children did not like to object, and

opened their mouths like hungry baby sparrows, and Dr. Sunshine dropped a tiny golden pill on each tongue; and then, oh, such a very funny thing happened! Two little people grew sleepy, sleepy, sleepy. They tried with all their might to keep their eyes open, but everything grew darker and darker, and something seemed to draw them backward until they rested on the softest, downiest couch. Then they seemed to float, oh, so softly and easily, out of the darkness into the very brightest sunlight you can possibly imagine. Then a soft little breeze seemed to fan their faces, and the voice of the little man called softly, "Wake up, little boy! wake up, little girl! This is Sunshine Land."

"Oh, where are we?" cried two bewildered voices, as two pairs of eyes opened wide, and the little boy and the little girl sat up and looked around them.

"We are going straight to the palace of the Sun King," said the little man, who sat a little in front of them. "This is my cloud carriage, and the Sun King has sent all the star babies to welcome us to his palace."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed the children.

"Why, the stars all have faces," cried the little girl.

"And they are all smiling," laughed the little boy.

And, as if they thought it a great joke, a pretty, silvery laugh rippled from every twinkling star, making the daintiest music the children had ever heard.

"What is that bright light ahead of us?" asked the little boy.

"That is the palace of the Sun King," said the little man. And, in what seemed a very short time, the cloud carriage floated up to a great shining gateway, and the little man said:

"Step out, little boy: step out, little girl. We will go to the Sun King."

"Oh, how light and happy I feel!" the little girl cried.

"I feel just that way, too," said the little boy.

"Of course," said the little man. "Everybody is happy here. But come, follow me."

The children followed the little man through what seemed a very long hall, at the end of which was hung a shining silken curtain. As they came nearer to it, two tiny stars twinkled past them, and drew the curtain back so that they might pass through. Turning to ask him a question, the children found that the little man had left them; but they found themselves moving toward the end of a long, bright room, where on a throne of glittering gold sat the Sun King, with hundreds of stars, with smiling faces, twinkling around him. But the king's face,—oh, what a beautiful face it was! It drew the children right to him in spite of themselves. The Sun King placed an arm around each little child, and said in the softest, sweetest voice:

"I cannot bear to see little boys and girls unhappy, and I wanted you to come up here and tell me all your troubles."

"I don't think we are unhappy now," said the little girl. And both children laughed merrily, and all the pretty stars twinkled with pleasure at the sound of the happy voices.

"I want to tell you why the rain was sent that spoiled your day," said the Sun King. "Would you like to hear the reason?"

"Oh, yes: please tell us why," cried the children, delightedly.

"Well," began the Sun King, "you will re-

member that the days have been bright and sunshiny and very, very warm for the last two weeks; and at night, when you were both asleep in your little white beds, all the little blades of grass and all the pretty flowers you are so fond of were so thirsty they couldn't sleep, and the very smallest ones used to cry very dry tears and long for a nice shower bath. So Dr. Sunshine came to me, and said, 'Dear Sun King, we must close all our shutters up and open the big rain clouds and send water to the poor thirsty flowers and trees and grass, or all the big world will grow old and cross and unhappy.' So all the pretty star babies and the mother moon came to me, and we covered ourselves with the shadow clouds; and the rain clouds floated over the big earth, and poured down all the water you were looking at from your nursery window.

"You see, Dr. Sunshine travels day and night over the earth in his cloud carriage, and finds out the little sick and unhappy children who need sunshine to make them healthier and happier; and he finds out the little country children who love to see the rain pour down, because they know it will make the grain grow, and then their papas can sell the grain to the city people, and get money for it to buy shoes and stockings and warm clothes for their children to keep them warm and cosy when the cold winter comes. So, when Dr. Sunshine brings in his report, the people in Sunshine Land think very hard; and we try to arrange our doses of sunshine and showers to make every one on the great earth happy.

"And, now, my dear little friends, I am going to send you home again in the cloud carriage with Dr. Sunshine, just in time to see the beautiful rainbow pathway that the storm clouds travel home by after leaving their refreshing message to the big earth.

"But before you start," said the Sun King, "I want you each to take a sip from this little cup to prepare you for your journey." And he held toward them a little golden cup, and the children each eagerly took a sip; and soon the little eyes grew weary, weary, and again they seemed to fall softly back till they rested on the downy couch. Then they seemed to fly gently, oh, in such a cosy, happy way, down, down, down, till they felt a quick jerk. They opened their eyes, and there on their own nursery floor sat the little girl and the little boy.

"Oh! oh!" laughed the little girl.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little boy.

"The rainbow!" cried the little girl.

"Let us look," said the little boy.

And with a bound they were at the window; and, sure enough, there, like a great sash of many colors circling the blue sky, was the rainbow.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

YOUR grandmamma used to know the little girl of whom I am going to tell you. This little girl had an old-fashioned name. At least, it was old-fashioned when your mamma was a child; but some of the names that were then considered old-fashioned have now become common, as Dorothy and Esther and Ruth.

This little girl of the olden times never saw such picture-books and papers as you have. There were no papers for children then, and the few children's books had not many pictures.

The toys that many children now have would have amazed that small girl, and her few playthings would seem to you very prim and plain.

This little girl's clothing was nearly all made at home,—not merely cut out and sewed there, but the cloth was woven at home, and the thread of which the cloth was made was spun at home. The flax for her linen summer clothing grew on her papa's land, and the wool for her winter clothing was sheared from her own pet sheep. A calico dress cost about as much then as a silk dress costs now.

There were no sewing-machines in those times: hence all the sewing was done by hand. Clothing was not trimmed as much then as now.

The old-fashioned girl learned to knit her own stockings and mittens, and to plat the straw for her summer hats, and to do other work which you never have done. But she did not play the piano very much, nor did she have as many school studies as girls nowadays have.

She never learned to ride a bicycle. There were no bicycles then. And, if ever she rode in a railway car, it was a great event in her life; for there were not many railways in those times.

The house in which she lived would seem odd to you. The windows had many small panes. The carpets and furniture were unlike those now used. In some of the rooms were very large fireplaces; and, over the one in the kitchen, food for the household was cooked. Even bread was baked in a kettle buried in coals. There were no lamps in the house, but candles were used instead.

Even the flowers which grew in the garden of this old-fashioned child's home were kinds which we do not often see any more.

Perhaps some old lady that you know will tell you about the times when she was a little girl,—the games that children played then, and many respects in which the lives of those old-time girls were different from the lives of children now.

TO-MORROW AND YESTERDAY.

Two sisters met in the darkness,

To-morrow and Yesterday.

One clasped the hand of the other,

And softly was heard to say:

"Sweet are the moments now passing,

There's nothing left to regret;

But that to some I brought sorrow

Fills me with sadness yet."

Sweet was the smile of To-morrow:

Gently, so gently, she spake:

"Fear not, fear not, little sister,

Happiness for them I'll make."

Then in the darkness they parted,

To-morrow and Yesterday:

Away from the earth one travelled,

To it one hastened her way.

Selected.

AN original method of floor polishing is described in an article in the *Outlook*, written by an American woman who is living in the Philippine Islands: "The floors of our rooms are of beautiful hard wood, and are kept polished by small boys technically known as 'skaters.'"

"These little fellows, with rags or pieces of burlap on their feet, run back and forth over the boards till they shine like a piano,—that is, if you have good boys."

VACATION SONG.

MERRILY, merrily dance the sails

Over the summer sea;

Down to the rocks and the yellow sand,

Down to the sand go we!

Hey for a bucket and hey for a spade,

Hey for the silver sea!

Bricks and mortar for money and men,

Castles of sand for me!

Seaweed and shells for windows and doors,

Doors out into the sea!

Fish for sentinels, crabs for guards,

Pebbles for lock and key!

We are the kings of the golden sand,

Queens of the silver sea!

Ours is a kingdom of spades and pails:

None are so happy as we!

ERIC PARKER.

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR SUMMER NEIGHBORS.

BY ANNIE Y. COPELAND.

WE did not spend our summer vacation at a hotel or boarding-house at the seashore or in the mountains, but camped out for two weeks in a little old house in the woods in Vermont. There were three of us, and we had gone there for rest and fresh air and relief from the noise and heat of a great city. We did not want to have callers or be obliged to make calls, except upon the friendly Vermont farmers as we passed their homes on our drives or walks. However, we had a great deal of company while we were there, and our visitors took it for granted that they were welcome. Perhaps they considered us the guests.

There were the red squirrels who lived all around the house, and woke us every morning with their chattering. From my bedroom window I could look into the trees and see them jumping from limb to limb, busy with the affairs of the day, while I was meditating another morning nap.

When we went to the spring for the pitcher of cold, clear water for breakfast, they ran before us on the log fence or chattered at us from the branches of the butternut-tree across the road. If we whistled to them, they would stop running, turn about, and, facing us, would sit still, apparently listening to the unusual sound. One morning a red, who must have been particularly musical, came so near to us that we could have touched him, and sat perfectly still, until we ventured too near, when he bounded to a tree and was out of sight among the leaves. In a few moments we saw him sitting upon a branch, and peering down at us with his bright little eyes. We thought of Hiawatha, and it would not have surprised us very much if the little Indian boy had walked out of the woods with his bow and arrows.

"Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'"

The red squirrels have frightened the grays away; for they are great fighters, and feel as if they were the rightful proprietors of the woods about the little brown house.

There is a pond near the house, one of the wildest and prettiest I have ever seen. The hills rise abruptly from the water, and are

covered with a thick growth of timber. There are white pines, feathery and soft, some light green and others darker. White birches gleam among the pines and hemlocks; and poplars, known to the farmers as "popples," are plentiful. There are gray rocks, covered with moss and fringed here and there with delicate ferns, and higher cliffs upon whose top the pines stand like sentinels.

We rowed upon the pond every day, and never saw a human being except an old colored man who lives a hermit's life, and whose low, weather-beaten house, covered with woodbine, stands in a cove at the foot of one of the hills. Great blue herons wade along the shore, and kingfishers dive into the water for the minnows which swim in the shallow places near the shore.

Over the trees near the marsh at one end of the pond we often saw the bald-headed eagle soaring, or saw his body outlined against the sky, as he sat on the topmost twig of a dead pine. From his leafless position he could scan the country far and wide, and no enemy could approach him unaware.

The crows were getting ready to fly south, and every evening, at sunset, passed over the pond in great numbers. During the day they had been feeding in the pastures on the hill-sides, and at night one of the old crows mustered the band of younger ones and guided them to the roosting-place. Their wings must be strong for the long flight soon to come, and that was the way they were to be strengthened.

We often saw smaller birds feeding around the shore of the pond, and one morning we came upon three goldfinches playing and darting around in the sunlight. They had flown to a bush, and were sitting on three different twigs, when I spied them; and they did not fly as we guided the boat toward the cove. A red squirrel, sitting on an old fence rail, scampered away; but the three little yellow and black birds flitted from bush to bush or hopped among the gray stones on the beach, quite unconcerned. Brown phoebe birds hovered around near them; but we watched the bright-colored birds until they flew away, leaving only the goldenrod to remind us of their brilliant plumage. That day we saw a solitary sandpiper running along a shady beach, and were reminded of the poem by Celia Thaxter: only this little sandpiper was on the shore of a pond in Vermont, and not on a beach at the seashore.

The bull-frogs seemed to own the pond in the afternoon, and sat in solemn lines around the shores, their wide mouths and bulging eyes just showing above the water. They were very friendly; and one large old frog, who was sunning himself on a rock, let me scratch his back with a stick for some time. I suppose he wondered what strange creature that was who had suddenly appeared and was giving him so much pleasure.

We were always looking for deer, and expecting to see them come down through the woods to the water's edge. One of the farmers had seen three, but we were not as fortunate.

When we walked through the woods we heard the drumming of partridges, and once saw a pair of them standing by the side of a wood-road. They flew just before we reached them.

At night, when it grew dark, we heard the whip-poor-will's note, at first a solitary "whip," then a series of "whip-poor-wills," sometimes very near us. But the bird knows how to hide, and seldom shows himself, so he was not as cordial as some of our other neighbors.

The great barred owl hooted at us in the middle of the night; and the screech owl sent us a greeting, but did not venture near.

We always looked for these wild friends of ours on our walks and rows and drives, and almost always saw one or more of them.

At last the two weeks' vacation came to an end, as all vacations must; and we were to leave for home the next morning. We had spent the afternoon rowing around the pond, looking at all our favorite places. The woodbine on the dead tree had turned brighter, there were bits of color in other places that we had not noticed before, and in a few weeks all the woods would be ablaze with red and gold. If we were only to be there to see it! The water was very calm, and every tree and rock and stump was clearly reflected. How many times we had looked at the pines and the birches and at the cardinal flowers growing at the water's edge. We were feeling a little homesick at the thought of leaving it all, and were very quiet; but it was getting late and damp, and we must go in. Just as we turned the bow of the boat toward home, we looked back at the shore and the woods, and a most unexpected pleasure was given us,—one last picture to carry away to our city homes. A little red squirrel had come down to the water, and was quietly drinking. We were very near, and an unguarded exclamation frightened him so that he ran back along a fallen log. We kept very still, and he soon decided that it was all right, and came back to finish his evening drink. Perhaps he had been there every night, but we had never seen him before. We waited until he had finished and had gone back to his forest home, then we, too, went home for one more night in the woods.

For Every Other Sunday.

A TRUE PARROT STORY.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

POLLY was a great pet, but she was so noisy that sometimes she wearied even her friends. One morning she had been chattering, screaming, scolding, whistling, till Kitty, tired out, said:

"O Polly, for mercy's sake, be still!"

Tom happened to come in just then; and, though usually, like all the rest of the family, he petted the parrot, he was so provoked that he snatched up the cage, Polly and all, and cast it into a corner.

"Stay there!" he said in a loud, angry tone.

Polly stopped instantly. Not a word did she say for the rest of the forenoon. Tom soon went out. Kitty presently set the cage back in its usual place, and spoke kindly; but Polly took no notice of any one till Tom came home to dinner. The moment he opened the door she shouted, in perfect imitation of his tones, "Stay there!"

She never forgot it. Though Tom tried, for long afterward, to be friends with her, she would never say anything to him but "Stay there!"

THE KIND OF WHAT!

IT is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

It is not a few faint wishes, but a lifelong struggle, that makes us valiant.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TWO SCHOOLS.

I PUT my heart to school,
In the world where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."
My heart came back again.
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain;
And the teacher's name was Pride."
I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cold and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool;
But perhaps they can teach you here."
"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."

HENRY VAN DYKE, *in the Atlantic*.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SUMMER AT RED-GATE FARM.

Part II.—The End.

BY SARAH M. BAILEY.

AUNTIE BARKER'S VISIT.

DO you know Auntie Barker? I do. She came from Boston to visit us at Red-gate Farm. I sat in her lap, and she told me stories.

I told her all about my birthday presents.

She wanted to see them, but I said they were all gone. Then I told her all about it.

You see, Carter, my baby brother, wanted the table and chairs, and mamma said, "Let little brother take them, that's a good boy."

I knew he would break them, and he did; all in a minute there were no chairs or table. I cried some, and called him a naughty baby.

I played with my doll for a while, then I took it out to the pig-pen. I climbed up on the box so I could look over the fence into the pen, and said: "Pig, pig, der want to see my birthday doll?" and, when they grunted, "Yes," I threw it over for them to look at.

They tore its clothes all off, broke both its arms, and shook the pretty tin plates out of its hands: then there was no pretty doll any more, only mud all over it. Anna screamed, but I laughed. And that's all there is to tell about my birthday presents.

I've got Thomas Jefferson left to play with. I dress him up in a shawl, and play he is my baby. I rock him in my little wooden rocking-chair.

Poddles, the other cat, runs away from me. He is afraid of little boys.

Now, Auntie Barker, please let me take your hand'chi'f to dress up my cat.

THE PICNIC.

Now listen to grandpa's story about the picnic at "Cold Spring."

Robert and a neighbor's boy took the canvas boat, the dinner, the milk for the boys, and lots of other things in a big wagon.

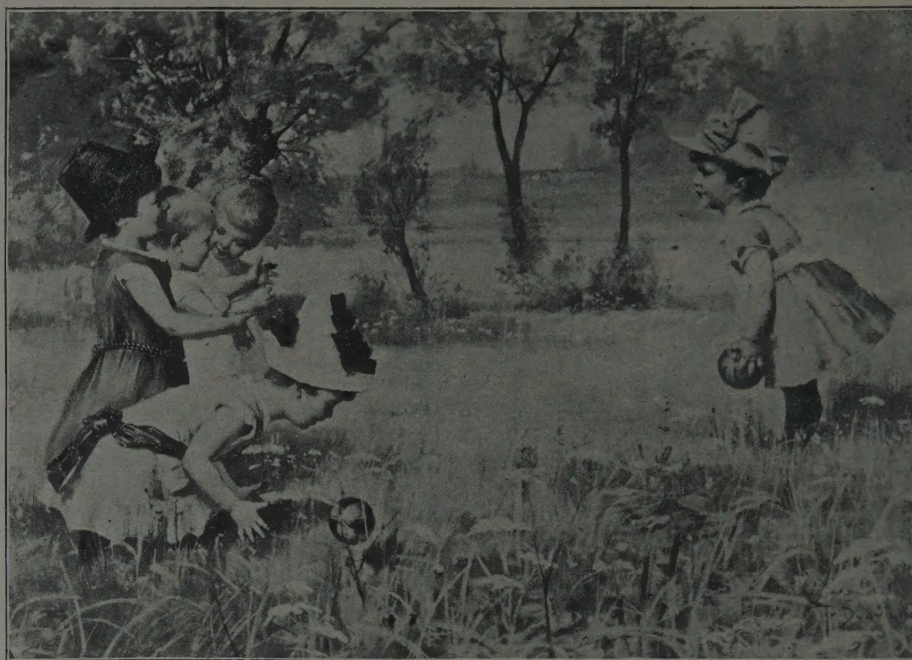
They went early in the morning.

When Phyllis was harnessed, we got into the wagon.

Jaunty mamma,—as Fred calls her,—Nurse Anna, and Carter on the back seat; grandma Sarah and Fred, with his peaked hat on, rode on the front seat with me.

It was a long ride, and the little boys got very tired.

When we came to the big trees beside the



SUMMER PLAY.

river, we found a nice shady place where Carter could have his nap.

We hung the hammock between two trees.

Robert and the boy went fishing on the river, and caught some fish.

The little laddie ran about, and had a nice time while we unpacked the dinner.

We built a fire in a hole near the bank, and hung some kettles; for there was corn and potatoes to be boiled, coffee to make, and the fish and chops to fry.

We had a can of very nice water from the cold spring close by.

We all sat on the grass to eat our dinner, and it tasted good; for we were all hungry.

After dinner we all took a nap under the pine-trees. We told Fred that he could run about, but must not go near the water for fear he would fall in.

He minded very well.

It was bedtime for the little laddie when we got home.

It makes boys and everybody tired to go to a picnic.

GOOD-BYE TO RED-GATE FARM.

My papa said that jaunty mamma must learn to drive Phyllis.

I took my "hossie" under my arm, and sat on the back seat all alone. My hossie is all brown, and I like him very much. When we were up the road, near Elsie's house, her baby cousin was crying very loud; and I said to grandma and mamma, "Der want me to get out, and stop him?"

They told me not to mind the crying baby, but to sit still and hold on tight, or I would fall out over the wheel; for Phyllis was trotting. I think mamma drove very well, for we got home safe. I took my hossie out under the big tent, and rolled him in the sand. I rolled over and over on the green grass near by. I wanted to ask lots of questions, but everybody was asleep,—grandpa in his big swinging chair, grandma in the hammock, and mamma on a pile of cushions. So I went into the garden, and picked some pretty flowers.

One day they packed my hossie and my big rag-doll in the trunk, and said we were going home to Edgewater. I bade the pigs good-bye, rocked Thomas Jefferson, and told him I was going away. I kissed grandpa and grandma Sarah. We all rode away behind Phyllis, and that was all about our summer at Red-gate Farm.

For Every Other Sunday.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

THE watch given by George Washington, as an engagement gift, to the blooming widow whom he soon after married, is still preserved, and was offered for sale in Newburg, N.Y., a while since.

After the betrothal of General Washington and Martha Custis, he presented his lady-love with this handsome gold watch, made expressly to his order in London. This valuable keepsake was at Newburg in 1870, and an effort was then being made by the citizens to purchase the interesting old relic, and deposit it at Washington's headquarters there. The price asked for it at that time was \$1,000.

It was given by Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Haliburton, her niece, and the mother of Judge James D. Haliburton, of Virginia. The watch bears the name of its maker, "Barwie, London, No. 743." It is of the old-fashioned, "bull's-eye" pattern, reduced in thickness to a neat lady's style.

The gold case is inlaid with white enamel around the back and face. The watch is in its original case, and accompanied by its original key. The letters of the name "Martha Custis" are marked on the dial plate, one letter just outside of each of the figures indicating the hours. This well-preserved souvenir is now more than one hundred and forty-five years old. A while since, we are told, it was "wound up," and ticked as of "ye olden time"; but it marked the time slowly, reminding one of a brave old heart beating beyond its threescore and ten.

JULY! For you in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday
When all our books are put away,
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S HOME.

No. IX. *Homes of American Authors.*

BY EVELYN E. MORSE.

FROM the windows of his Beacon Street house in Boston, Oliver Wendell Holmes looked out upon the same Charles River that wound "silently through marshes purple and brown," past the homes of Lowell and Longfellow. All three poets loved the river, each in his own way. Holmes knew it as a broad stream, walled in and bridged over, on whose waters he used to row in early morning in his "shell," just large enough for one. He kept two other boats,—one large enough to hold a social three or four for himself and friends, and one to lend to the boys.

He says:

"Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—
My airy oriel on the river shore,—
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together,
When late the boatman flashed his dripping oar."

The river, as he looked at it from his windows, belonged almost to the city, so near was it to the open mouth in the harbor; but yet it could reflect in calm beauty the sunset colors and the tints of dawn.

Many visitors came to the house of the genial "Doctor," for his fame as author had travelled far and wide. Until October, 1894, his well-known figure could be often seen on Boston streets; and, though he may no more be met, yet he seems a part of Boston and Cambridge, and his wit and wisdom are still quoted and smiled over as they were throughout his long life.

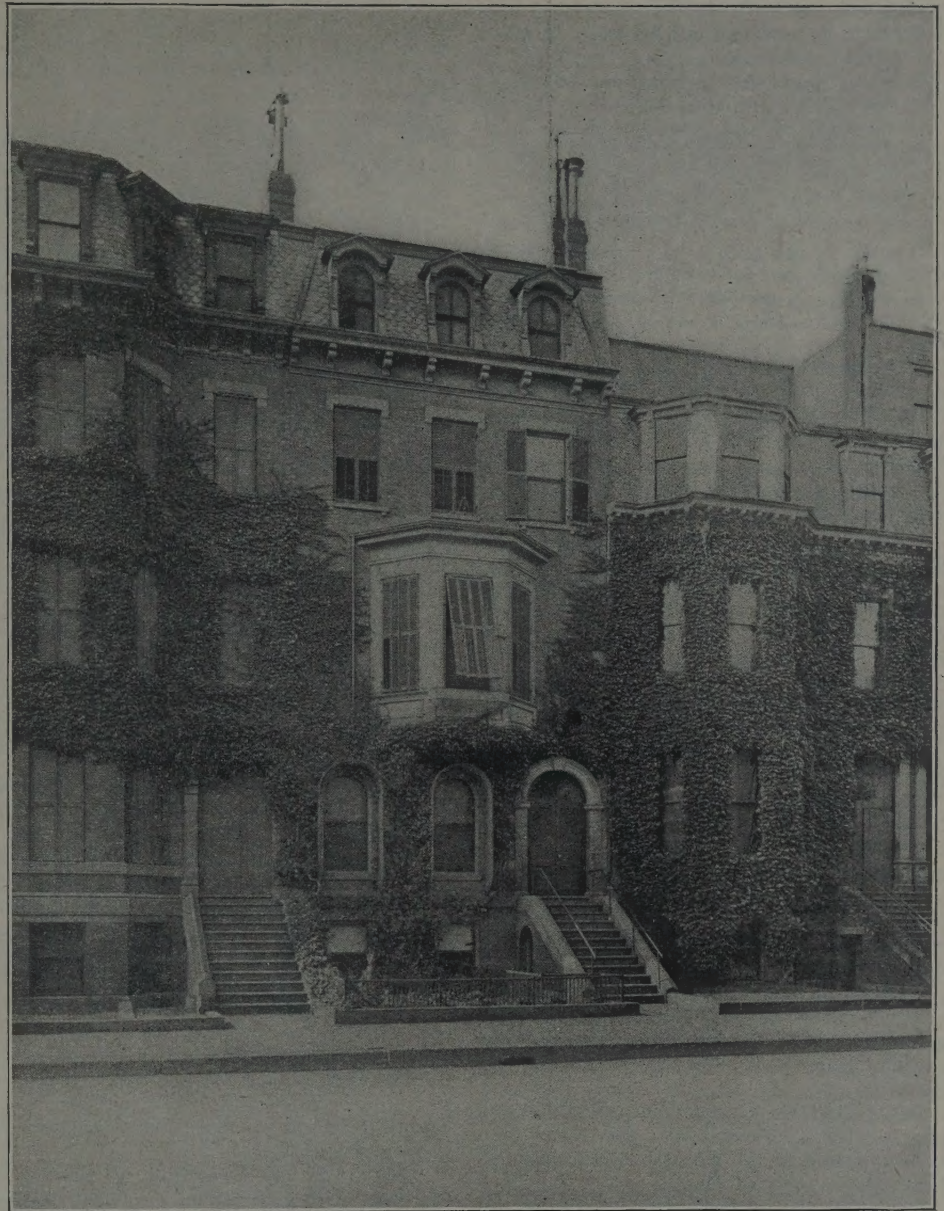
In the summer of 1809 Holmes was born in Cambridge,—the house looked out on Cambridge Common and Harvard College. It was a home full of books, and its culture and refinement were always to be seen in the full-grown man.

In this Cambridge house he wrote the first poem that brought his name forcibly to the public notice. This poem, "Old Ironsides," sends a thrill of patriotism down one's nerves; and it is good to know that the man, who is known above all else as a writer full of fun and sparkling with wit, began his career with such patriotic lines as those addressed to the historic ship, which he by this poem helped to save from destruction.

You may see her now, as she lies in Charlestown Harbor, quiet and serene, past all struggle with the "god of storms, the lightning, and the gale," but enshrouded in our thoughts with the honors she so nobly won in the early days of our nation.

Many times in the years that followed we find freedom, liberty, and love of country shining through Holmes's poems; and most aptly has he put into rhyme some of the stories of our struggle for independence in his "Ballad of the Boston Tea Party" and "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill."

His days at Harvard as a student one must needs enjoy with him, and live them over, year by year, in his anniversary poems to the class of "1829."



HOLMES' HOME—BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

Full of sweet remembrances and kindly thought for each classmate, full of the lessons of life that each learned as the year went on, tinged with sadness and loneliness as Holmes found himself among the last, having outlived the great majority, till we feel the pathos of his being himself the "last leaf" of which he wrote in the days of his youth.

Medicine was his chosen profession; and, though he practised little, his title of "Doctor" is well sustained by his professional work in Harvard. For many years he lectured to the students, and made himself an authority in his subjects, and made himself most welcome, too, in every class with his original illustrations and his bright, sparkling mind.

He calls his story of "Elsie Venner" a "medicated novel," for he could hardly help writing about certain questions of physiology in most of his longer stories.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in 1857, Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was one of the brilliant articles that helped to make its fame. It was continued through several months, and made for its au-

thor a large place in the world of literature. It is crowded with fun and wisdom; and, if it is ever so keen that it sometimes cuts, you comfort yourself, and wonder "if the toes that are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

In the "Autocrat" appeared various poems from time to time, one of which, "The Chambered Nautilus," is a polished gem, so exquisite as a bit of description, so full of imagination, so strong in its command to every soul, that each must take the lesson.

A walk down Beacon Street past this house, which was the home of Dr. Holmes for so many years, will make one a little prouder of Boston, even if one may not lay claim to that city as being the "hub of all creation," as Holmes himself insisted was the case in the mind of every native. But love of the city, of the river, of the splendid Common and Public Garden, of all the treasures of books and historical association, and, most of all, of the men and women who have made her name to be respected, must warm our own hearts to be worthy of being a part of this land where each may rise to the best that lies within him.

THE BROOK.

THAT little brook in the pasture,
As it murmurs and gurgles along,
Is one of the beauties of nature,
And it sings a lullaby song.

As you sit in the shade in the summer,
And bathe your feet in the pool,
Just watch it ripple and quiver,
This brook so tiny and cool.

It comes from a spring up yonder,
Up under the brow of the hill;
And you gaze upon it in wonder
That it furnished water to fill

So many pools and puddles
That are hidden in under the trees;
And you'll see, if you look, little fishes
That hide in the shade of the leaves.

The flowers that grow on its banks
Fill the air with the sweetest perfume.
It looks like a stream of silver,
When seen by the light of the moon.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE RIDDLE.

BY MARY L. ADAMS.

"HOLLOO, Tim!" called little Harry Morton, the minister's son, to a poorly clad newsboy on the other side of the street. "Come over here."

Tim hurried across, pulling out a paper as he ran.

"I don't want a paper, Tim. Here is a nickel to get your sick brother an orange."

"Oh, thank you," cried the boy, with a grateful smile. "Jack don't want nothing 'cept oranges, and we can't buy many," he added with a sigh.

"Cheer up, Tim, and come over to-morrow. I've got a riddle I made up myself; and I'm going to try it on those boys over there in our garden talking to pa, and make them pay for guessing."

These kind words sent Tim off selling his papers with a lighter heart; and Harry soon after appeared in the garden with both hands behind him, heavily laden.

His father was in the hammock with a group of boys round him lying on the grass.

"Say, you fellows," called Harry, "don't you want to guess my riddle? It's original, and I charge a cent for guessing—papa, too."

"Great business head!" exclaimed Tom Brewster, laughing. "How will you invest your enormous profits, Hal?"

"In oranges for Tim Bayley's brother. He has pneumonia."

"For that investment we will pay well," said Herbert Ford. "What o' the riddle?"

"It is a round mountain,—as a red ant would think,—yellow as gold on one side and red as that sunset on the other. Inside are cells, in which dwell little blackies that were once white,—when they were babies, I guess. Then, besides, it has watercourses which, under a bad ownership, are often transmuted into a great evil,—brother Will thought of that,—but fine in its natural condition, as you will think, later on, when I put you in possession."

"Possession of cells and prisoners?" asked Arnold Leslie.

"Yes," laughed Harry. "But, when you cut into the mountain, the prisoners fall out, and will tell your fortune—after a fashion."

"In what part of the world is this wonderful mountain?" asked Tom.

"Mine is right here, but I won't tell you any more. So guess it if you can." And Harry threw himself down on the grass, beside them.

A few minutes after his father said, "I think I have it, Harry."

"Well, don't tell, papa—not yet."

"Suppose we give our answers by correspondence," said Dr. Morton. "You have all studied Grecian mythology. Was the subject of your riddle one cause of the Trojan War?"

"I think not, papa."

"Don't you remember that a golden —, inscribed 'To the Fairest,' was awarded by Paris to Aphrodite, and she assisted him in carrying off Helen of Troy, causing the war?"

"Yes, that's right," said Harry. "Do the rest of you know it?"

"I think light is piercing my clouded brain," put in Tom. "Wasn't it the same in gold that gave Hippomenes the victory in the race with Atalanta?"

"And I have it, too," exclaimed Clarence, with a wave of the hand and a bombastic flourish.

"The pactolian fruit of Hesperides

Was guarded by the Hydra-serpent with ease,
Until conquered by the labor of Hercules."

"Hear! hear!" shouted the group, with shrieks of applause.

"Stop your noise," cried Will Morton.

"Give the rest a chance at this ap—this riddle," he stammered.

"Apple!" exclaimed several. "Apples don't contain white people turned black, fortune-tellers, and watercourses of evil."

"Don't you know the seeds are white before they turn black?" said Harry. "They tell fortunes by counting them,—One I love, two I love, three I love, I say, and so on. Then apple brandy is made of apples. Here are three big ones to divide among you."

"And there is another phase to this riddle," said Dr. Morton, holding up an apple. "A worm has entered this one. See his trail? Typical of the black mark that sin leaves on the human heart and conscience when encouraged to enter. It is the first onset we must guard against."

"Which is often artfully subtle," said Clarence, with a grave smile. Then, turning to Harry, he said, "Your riddle is first-class, Hal, and well worth a dime."

As all agreed to this, Harry received sixty cents; and the next morning twelve large oranges were piled on a dish by the bedside of the little sufferer, making his worn face beam with pleasure.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SOLDIER AND THE BOY.

BY CHARLES H. HORTON.

PREVIOUSLY to the Revolutionary War, you know of the cruel, imposing deeds which King George III. enforced upon the colonies. Though the king himself had anticipated enriching his treasury by the unjust taxes, he had a conscious feeling that in the end there would be more or less trouble from the colonies. He was not surprised, however, when he received word from the colonies that they would not recognize his taxes or laws. He became greatly aggravated. He immediately sent troops to Boston to enforce the laws. These troops had the privilege to enter any man's house, demand food and drink and a night's lodging. As can be readily comprehended, the people became speedily indignant concerning these incongruous privi-

leges. The greater portion of the soldiers were ungentlemanly and cruel; and, as time went on, the people gradually became so chagrined that they would no longer endure them.

It was a cold, stormy evening in January, 1775. The snow was very deep, and drifts barred the way in many places along the roads.

A small boy, with a basket on his arm and hands held under his ragged coat, made his way through the drifted street between Boston and Cambridge. At home his mother lay seriously sick in bed. All that day he had worked out in the cold and snow, and had earned enough to buy some food for his mother. His father had died a year before, leaving but a small sum of money. But this had been exhausted, and it was he who now worked to keep bread on the table. Inside his coat, ragged as it was and small, he had put some food in a deep pocket to keep it from the cold.

As he went along, he met a British soldier, who immediately stopped him, and stretched out his hand to take the basket. But the boy drew it closer to his side, and uttered a little cry, and started to run. But the snow, being so deep, hindered him; and, the soldier, enraged, caught hold of his shoulder before he had gone but a few feet.

"Let go that basket!" demanded the soldier.

The boy, trembling with fear, held it closer to his side.

"Oh! Please don't take it from me. It's for my mother! She is sick, and!"

But the soldier laughed derisively, snatched the basket from the boy's arm, and said, "Go to your mother, and tell her how much I shall enjoy this food."

The boy buried his head in his hands, and turned away. He could see his dear mother lying sick in bed, waiting for him to return with food for her to eat. He cried till his young heart could cry no longer. He turned, but the soldier had gone. He started on, his heart saddened and weary. Suddenly he stopped. His heart leaped instantly when he remembered the food which he had placed in his pocket. He thrust his hand into the pocket to convince himself that it was really there. Yes: it was there! He started eagerly on with a new thought and strength; for would his mother not be happy with a little?

And, when he sat beside his mother's bed, and told her about the soldier, and gave her the little packet of food which he had, she laid her thin white hand on his head, and said: "Dear boy, feel not so badly. Thou art even happier now than the one who took your basket. God will comfort and help you, but he—he has no God to comfort him. He has done a wrong deed, and God has seen. Come nearer, dear boy, that I may smooth thy head; for it is cold and wet."

It was a year later when next the boy was walking near Boston. He had his musket on his arm, going to join the soldiers who were to fight for their homes, their lives, and their country. It was a beautiful day in June. Everything was still and clear. The birds sang with the voices God had given them, and filled the air with melodious strains of music. As the boy came near a brook which ran near the road, his eyes fell upon a British soldier, apparently dead. He ran and knelt beside him. No: he was not dead. He was living, but he was so weak that he was unable to open his eyes or his mouth.

The boy drew from his belt a dipper, and

ran to the brook, filled it with the sparkling water, and bathed the man's head. He saw a wound on the soldier's head, and dressed it.

The soldier breathed more freely. He opened his eyes, but shut them again. This made the boy's heart glad, for he knew he was bringing the man to consciousness. When at last the soldier gazed into the boy's face, he uttered a little cry, and closed his eyes.

"I know you, my boy. Yes: I know you," he said after a while. "Memory has not failed me yet. I could never forget your face."

The boy knew the soldier to be none other than the one who took his basket a year before. He remembered his mother's words, "Thou art even happier now than the one who took your basket." Yes: his mother knew. He could understand the pathos in the man's words and the look in his eyes. There was a sign of intense pain about him, as he remembered his cruel deed. He turned to the boy, and said, as he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, who was kneeling beside him: "You are kind. You have more heart in you than me. I need not mention the deed which I did, for I see that you remember me as I remember you. But, lad,"—here the soldier drew closer,—"*I have repented for my deed. I have suffered much,—in fact, every time I think of it. I have prayed for you and your mother. I can see how good you are to me.*"

"Could I go by without trying to save your life? Would God ever forgive me if I did? No! It matters little to me whether you are the person or not. It was my duty, whether you were enemy or friend, to help you in time of need. I could not see you suffer."

"No: I know by your words that you could not. But—I—I made you suffer. But I did not know. No: I did not know. I have paid dearly for my cruel deed, and—and have thought often of your mother. Is she well?"

The boy turned slowly away with tears in his eyes which he could not resist.

"Yes," he said slowly. "She is happy and—and well. She is in heaven."

The soldier lay for a moment motionless. His eyes were closed. Suddenly he leaned on his elbow and drew the boy to his side, as he said:

"You have convinced me what a kind lad you are. I am sorry to hear of your mother's death. It is sad news to me. But my heart, it is equally sad as yours. I shall never be forgiven. You are a brave boy, an honor to your father and mother. Were I the same! But, though my heart shall never forget, though I shall never be forgiven, there will be one consolation which will gladden my heart. It is your face, your kindness, your unselfish heart, that is to be my sweet remembrance. You have done good for evil. I shall try and be like you. I shall love my enemies as myself. May God bless you and guard you." Here the soldier took from his pocket a large, heavy golden coin, and, placing it in the boy's hand, he said, with a tear in his eye:

"In memory of your mother and—thyself!"

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying:
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

PHOEBE CARY.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.

CICERO.

For Every Other Sunday.

CURIOUS PARISIAN OCCUPATIONS.

No. VII. Seen and Heard in Europe.

BY JENNIE VICKERY.

THERE are far less outward and visible signs of poverty and wretchedness in Paris than in London. In the former city the lower classes are not only neater in appearance, but more decorous in their behavior in public than in the latter city.

The "tattered ensigns of Ragfair" are seldom waved in any quarter of Paris. Many London streets, on the contrary, fairly swarm with besotted, brutal-looking tatterdemalions that are living epistles, as it were, of want and woe. It would almost seem, therefore, that indigent Londoners flaunt their poverty, while needy Parisians seek to hide theirs.

Yet those who know declare there are slums in Paris,—a metropolis of misery in that capital of luxury. They say the struggle for existence among the masses in that brilliant city of Paris is just as desperate as that taking place beneath the murky skies of her sombre rival just across the choppy channel.

The lower class Parisians, however, with their superior ingenuity, have sought out many occupations by which to keep the wolf, starvation, from their doors that are never dreamt of in the poor Londoner's philosophy.

The most curious, perhaps, of these humble Parisian occupations, yet not a wholly honest one, since its use helps to perpetrate fraud, is that of the "turkey-leg painters." Their number is small. Their only patrons are poulterers, who employ them to freshen and rejuvenate their stock.

As all know, newly killed turkeys have shiny black claws and legs. These lower extremities change to a dingy gray when stale. Old turkeys' claws are long, and their beaks horny-looking.

Dipping his brush into a certain solution, the secret of which is said to have cost its present owners two hundred dollars, this unique painter goes over the claws and feet of the turkeys several times. Thus varnished, the stalest bird looks as fresh as ever, and twice as shiny.

So skilfully, too, does he pare old beaks and claws, the most Methuselahian fowl looks the very Benjamin of the flock. Not until these doctored turkeys are cooked and eaten is the fraud discovered.

A perfectly innocent occupation is the egg-dyers, who numbered one hundred in 1890. The egg-dyers purchase their stock of eggs from wholesale dealers whose agents buy them of small farmers in the provinces of Brittany and Normandy.

Several hundred eggs at once are placed in copper kettles containing red-hot dye and left there ten minutes. They are then taken out and dried and then sold to wine merchants at the value of two cents (of our money) each. This business goes on all the year round; but at Easter-tide, of course, it increases a hundred-fold.

There are about a baker's dozen bait-breeders in Paris. These enterprising traders sell at least 40,000,000 worms annually to fishermen, boatmen, and at fishing-tackle shops.

In winter these bait-breeders busy themselves raising meal worms. This is done by putting a mixture of bran and flour and broken pieces of cork into an old stocking. After a while the red worms are produced spontaneously. The worms are sold at bird-stores for eight cents per hundred.

Women, in Paris, have the monopoly of ant-farming. One Mlle. Blanche was mentioned in Paris prints as having made a handsome fortune by ant-farming. This was done at the expense of her handsome face. Though she wore a coat of armor, leather gauntlets and trousers, these ungrateful insects that she fed and tended most assiduously bit her to perfect hideousness, her skin finally resembling crocodile hide, it was so thick, dry, and tanned and wrinkled.

This thrifty Frenchwoman sold her ants to pheasant-dealers, bird-dealers, at the Zoo Gardens and Aquariums. She imported ten large flour sacks of ants daily from Germany and elsewhere. By keeping them extremely warm and feeding them well, these ants were made to lay great quantities of eggs. Mlle. Blanche had her own troubles with her stock; for ants are great roamers, and hers so overran her neighbors' houses that, being complained of, she was compelled to remove them to a place outside the city limits.

With a mangy-looking cur skulking at his heels, trap in hand and sack over his shoulder, the Paris rat-catcher makes his nightly rounds. He is searching for the rampant rodents that so thickly infest this enchanting city. The dog spies a rat. He quickly chases it into the hole of the waste-pipe of the house. The rat-catcher drives his prey down the gulley with an iron crook and into the trap left at the front of the hole. The rat-skins fetch from six to twelve cents each, and are made into "Paris" kid gloves.

Dealers in stale bread are always rushed with business. Their stock is obtained from the rag-pickers, who buy it from restaurants or glean it from garbage heaps. The soiled bread goes into one pile, and the clean into another. Dog fanciers, rabbit and poultry dealers, buy the soiled at six cents per basket. The clean is rebaked, rolled fine, and sold at meat shops and hotels, where it is used for ham-dressing, gravies, puddings, and other culinary purposes. This stale bread is also cut into discs, and sold in small packages, to be eaten in soup. Not a crumb of anything ever goes to waste in France.

Among these curious Parisian occupations that of the artichoke-cooker is, perhaps, the most lucrative.

The whole head of this thistle-like plant is removed and boiled, the leaves laid aside, and the part children call "cheese" in thistles is eaten, dipped in butter and with a little pepper and salt. A sauce made of butter and spices is sometimes used. Some are eaten raw, dipped in vinegar and oil.

To keep their color, the artichokes are boiled in copper kettles, with canvas spread between each layer. Once cooked, they are delivered and sold warm, in baskets, at markets, restaurants, and stalls, or sold in the streets at from one to six cents each, according to size and quality.

Some of the artichoke-cookers claim to have cleared several thousand dollars during the artichoke season, which lasts but four months.

Frogs are considered the national dish of the French, as is roast beef of the English, and baked beans of us Yankees.

But the frog-catcher's occupation is, in a measure, gone since the draining of the marshes about Paris. Frogs' legs and spines, strung on wooden skewers, are sold in considerable quantities at the Central Market, however. These have been collected mostly by old men near St. Denis and along the river Seine at Charenton.

As the trade in frogs has declined, that in snails has increased. These mollusca now take a prominent place upon every Parisian restaurant's bill of fare, and are mostly obtained from Bordeaux or from the market gardeners about Paris. They are sold wholesale at the wine shops, where they are retailed at from four to twenty cents per dozen.

Among the cat-killing fraternity in Paris, though the harvest is plentiful, the laborers are few; for Paris harbors more cats than any other city in the world. But these few cat-killers make a pile of money selling the cat-skins to furriers and cat's flesh to eating-house keepers, who under the name of "rabbit-pie," it is said, serve it up to their unsuspecting customers.

Cigar-end merchants do a thriving trade in Paris. The cigar and cigarette ends and refuse tobacco picked up by them about theatre doors, around cafés, and along the boulevards, are sold in part to rag-pickers, street-sweepers, and other humble folks for their own smoking and chewing. But most of these cullings are made into a liquor for fumigating plants and irrigating vines in order to destroy insects.

Most pleasing to the sight of all these queer traders, and upon hot days most grateful to the sense, are the cocoa-sellers. Quaint old men they are, in spotless white aprons, and with their backs laden with huge plated pagoda-shaped cisterns. On the tops of these cisterns are many-colored ribbons, little bells, and plated drinking cups. These cisterns hold a decoction of liquorice, lemon juice, and water,—a compound that has quenched the thirst of successive generations of Frenchmen from time immemorial.

Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind. BURKE.

THE LITTLE CORNER WHERE YOU WORK.

THE best form of patriotism is that which begins to work in corners. A plan which is to benefit the entire human race needs genius to carry it out, as well as long, long years for its accomplishment. But the helpfulness which begins at home and works outward has the advantage of being within the reach of the most modest powers, and is thoroughly practical.

Just as love is not a matter of words, so patriotism, or love of country, is chiefly concerned in expressing itself by deeds. Too long we have confused it with mere sentiment, with emotions that thrill us pleasantly. The truest patriot is not he who puts his feelings in the most eloquent phrases, but he who does most toward making his own home and his own neighborhood and his own town better and happier.

MODERN PATRIOTISM.

IT is harder to be a patriot now than it was a hundred years ago. The problems that confronted the American of Revolutionary days were simple as compared with the problems which every true and brave citizen is called upon to face to-day. Yet, because our duty is more delicate and difficult, it becomes the more our duty. Greater need calls for greater loyalty. These are days when every lover of our blood-bought flag should stand, at any cost, for what he believes to be the highest ideals of patriotism.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

AGAIN we come to the end of a volume. The Editor trusts that the readers of *Every Other Sunday* are sorry. In a certain way he regrets the finish, but no doubt vacations are good for newspapers as they seem to be for other things. We will open the new volume September 13.

On looking back we see some features in the paper worth recalling. There was the series of illustrated articles on "Homes of American Authors," nine in all. The concluding sketch is on that wise, witty writer, Oliver Wendell Holmes. The picture, page 173, shows his house, the central one, as it appeared in the early summer. His neighbors, judging from the closed windows and doors, had departed to their summer homes. Holmes's study in the back of the house looked out on the Charles River. Not far from him, on the same water side, was the home of William D. Howells. The Editor remembers Mr. Howells saying to him that the view over the Charles River at sunset reminded him of Venice.

We have received several letters praising the "Home Study Club." One is from Havana, Cuba, written by the librarian of the National Library in that city, in which he says this department interests young people, and hopes it will continue. Answers to the questions, in part or as a whole, have been forwarded by Henry A. Jenks, Miss Mabel J. Spalter, Miss Lucy E. Pray, Mrs. F. J. Hawley, Miss Nancy M. Abbott, Mrs. W. P. Wilkins, Mrs. Emma V. Haskell, Mrs. Flora F. Abbott, Mrs. Fronie E. Smith, Mrs. A. G. Havey, Laurence C. Staples.

A joyous vacation to our readers! A delightful reunion for all our Sunday Schools in the autumn! And, not least, we hope there will be a cordial welcome for the next number of *Every Other Sunday*. Our thanks are cordially given to all who have joined with the Editor in making the past volume a success.

For Every Other Sunday.

A NEW GAME.

BY FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.

"A NEW game, mother, please, a brand-new game," cried a chorus of three. "You may name all the things in the house that will cut," said mother.

"Scissors and knives," began Sue.

"Shears and penknives," said Prue.

"Hatchets," added Jack, looking thoughtfully at a scarred thumb.

"Saws," said Prue.

"Files," said Sue, "and meat-choppers."

"Axes," went on Jack. And then there was a pause.

"Now all things that will clean," suggested mother.

"Brooms and dustpans," said Prue.

"Dustpans don't either clean, do they, mother?" objected Sue.

"They certainly carry the dirt away," answered mother.

"Dusters," said Jack. "I know, 'cause once I dusted, and mine got awful black."

"Brushes and carpet-sweepers and mops and floor rags," said Sue, all in one breath.

"Now things that shine," said mother. And Prue answered straight off, "Spoons."

"Forks and napkin rings," cried Jack.

"Anything silver," shouted Prue, as if she had ended this part of the game.

"If it's rubbed up," added Sue, "tin pans."

"Looking-glasses," ventured Jack, "and the stones in mother's rings."

"And the table when the cloth isn't on," hurried on Sue.

"And there's something shining outdoors which invites you all to come out and play," said mother, pointing to a stream of sunbeams peeping in the window.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

EDITED BY MRS. SARA SARGENT ABBOTT.

Answers

To questions published June 7, 1903.

1. Petit Trianon. Erected by Louis XV. from the plans of Gabriel.
2. Orcagna.
3. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Liverpool Gallery, England.
4. Massachusetts.
5. Louis XIV.
6. Louvre, Paris. Probably of the fourth century B.C.
7. Robert Burns.
8. Probably by Dr. Richard Shuckburg, an English surgeon.
9. Henry D. Thoreau.
10. Thackeray.

LETTER-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XX.

ENIGMA XXII.—Booker T. Washington.
ENIGMA XXIII.—Bertha Abel.

ACROSTIC.—H a n d b o o k.
A c r i d i t y.
R e a S c e n d.
R e a R m o s t.
I n s A n i t y.
S h e E p c o t.
O u t L y i n g.
N o m I n a t e.

Harrison. Disraeli.

TWISTED COUNTRIES.—1. Europe. 2. Austria-Hungary. 3. Germany. 4. Turkey. 5. Russia. 6. Portugal. 7. Spain. 8. Belgium. 9. Netherlands. 10. Ireland. 11. England. 12. Scotland. 13. Wales. 14. Iceland.

CONUNDRUM XXIII.—An umbrella.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XXI.

ENIGMA XXIV.—John Greenleaf Whittier.
ENIGMA XXV.—A great victory is the saddest thing on earth, except a great defeat.

TWISTED COUNTRIES.—Austria. Italy. Turkey. Russia. Servia. Greece. Spain. Sweden. Portugal. Wales. Norway. France. Finland. Denmark.

BIBLICAL PUZZLE.—Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxix. 1-3, 27-30; xxx. 1, 21-23, 26; xxxi. 1, 20).

CHARADE.—Rose-Mary.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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